

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

NO. 26.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

21 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, (IN ADVANCE.)

For Rates of Advertising, see last page.

POSTAGE, if paid in advance, for any distance within the State, thirteen cents a year; if not in advance, twenty-six cents. To all places beyond the State, double those rates.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.

By REDDING & CO., 8 State St.

Geo. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row

DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.

SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 483 Broadway, N. Y.

MASON & LAW, 23 Park Row, New York.

G. ANDRE, 229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

F. D. BENTEEN, Baltimore.

COLBURN & FIELD, Cincinnati, O.

HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O.

Persons willing to become Agents for procuring subscribers, especially Music-Dealers and Teachers, are invited to correspond with the Editor, as above. Satisfactory references required, and liberal commissions allowed.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Definiteness of Music as a Language.

Having recently endeavored, with much success, to decide whether the language of music conveys definite and precise impressions, I offer my experiments to the attention of those interested in such questions.

The most general definition of Art makes it an expression of sentiment. Its existence implies, therefore, two very distinct things; the sentiments or feelings, belonging to what in general is called the heart; and a power of moulding outward things, belonging to what is called the head. Art is addressed to the heart, and is intelligible only to the heart. Artistic power is of the head, and no depth of sentiment or fulness of heart can give it. Neither does lack of heart necessarily imply lack of power, nor lack of power imply lack of heart. The best artist is he who combines most heart with most head; and the best criticism of works of art must come from men of deepest sentiment, from men of feeling rather than of power.

These remarks are obvious, but they contain, I think, the explanation of many and various facts. They show why the illiterate, and those lacking in power may yet enjoy poetry, architecture, painting or music, and why on the other hand men of power may utterly fail as critics of Art.

To restrict myself to music, the general principles just given show that we should expect to find occasionally persons of a good ear, and great

power to sing or play, yet utterly incapable of appreciating the expression of music; and others of no ear, even unable to recognize the most familiar air, yet just and appreciating lovers of harmony and melody. I have for many years experimented on persons of both these classes, and have recently conducted some of my experiments with care with the purpose of attaining results that should be decisive of the question whether particular nice shades of feeling could be definitely conveyed by written music.

My friend K. is a lover of every form of art, and yet without power either to draw, model, write verse, sing or play. There is not, I believe, one single strain of melody in the world so familiar that he can recognize it with certainty. Some five years ago he surprised me by analysing so well the expression of airs played upon a piano. I have now forgotten all his analyses except two. The air from Handel, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" he pronounced, without knowing its origin or the words connected with it, to be the expression of *joyous confidence*. Pardon me, editor of this Journal, that until that moment, I had thought your own criticisms upon music to be wholly subjective; I thought you projected your own feelings on the music, and that it was your excited fancy which made you think them expressed by the music. But the exact coincidence between the sentiment of the text, "I know," &c., and K.'s analysis of the air, convinced me of two things, that Handel could express definite shades of feeling by melody, and that K. could interpret the expression correctly. I tried him, on the same evening, with *Darwen*, from the Handel and Haydn collection. He defined its expression as "penitence bordering on despair." This was perhaps as striking as the other analysis, for only a few days previous a good judge of music (your Salieri correspondent, A. W. T.) had told me *Darwen* was the most truly penitential of psalm tunes, but that it was a little too sad; it had a sort of hopeless feeling like remorse. Now if A. W. T. had written *Darwen* with the design of expressing this, K.'s coincidence of judgment would have been even more striking than in the other case.

I have had no other opportunity, until this week, to experiment with K. The other evening he lay upon the sofa in my study, and I played the piano for him in the parlor. He could not see my face to read my feelings, and he had no tones of the voice to guide him. Nor did the

association of ideas help him, for I did not tell him the names of the airs, and he did not recollect having heard any of them before. I simply played a piece, and then he explained what had been the train of thought, succession of images, and states of feeling, produced by it. Then he summed up by telling what he thought the real expression of the piece.

The next day I took my flute and played to my friend F. most of the same pieces, and he gave me, in briefer terms, his opinion. I kept F., like K., in ignorance of the names, &c., of the airs, and he likewise recognized none of them, being almost as devoid of ear as K. Lest some musical sceptic doubt, let me add, that I have known both men for years, and they are above the possibility of any disingenuousness. Let me say, also, that they give their opinions without clew, hint, or even question from me.

And, if you think it worth while, I wish, Mr. Editor, you would tell me as far as you can from which works of the great masters the fragments which I played were taken, and what were the original words. This may alter the value of the criticisms on some of the pieces.

First, I played a fragment by Beethoven, *Gracious Father*, from Gardner's Music of Nature. K. said it was "solemn, awful, but strong in faith; as if looking into the sepulchre with all the faith of the Christian." To F. I did not play the first three airs.

2. A fragment of a vesper hymn, called in "Carmina Sacra," Gorton. K. called it "Praise, subdued by penitent remembrance, yet sustained by clear consciousness of the Divine presence and aid."

3. Psalm tune of Zeuner, called in "American Harp," *Persecution*. K. said it was "fit for the funeral of a martyr; a confession of human suffering and trial, closing with a strong exhortation to faith in God." The words adapted to it by the composer are exactly of this character.

4. *Salisbury*, in "Handel and Haydn Collection." K. said, "Joy without excess; religious cheerfulness." F. said, "Peace with God; tranquil joy."

5. *South Street*, in the same book. K. "Sisters enjoying a vision of one recently lost, appearing as the bride of Christ. Tranquil joy, with a sense, also, of novelty, as of new revelations of God's love." F. "Tranquilizing; gentle invitation to praise God."

6. *Camden*, in the same. K. "No religion;

welcome of the great." F. Triumph; lacks all religious elements."

7. *Come ye disconsolate.* K. "Gratitude to God for his tenderness; congratulation of a fellow man on the forgiving and tender love of God." F. "Consolation and hope."

8. *Dead March in Saul.* K. "Deepest sense of human weakness, and serene, loftiest repose on God. A tender lament over ruined greatness, combined with unshaken, almost triumphant hope in God." F. "Above all earthly emotion, and wholly indescribable."

9. *Christmas.* K. "Lofty aspirations, exalted hope." F. "Gratitude too lively for thanksgiving. The deliverer comes."

10. *Lyons.* K. "Sublime exhortation to god-like life." F. "The voice of free grace."

11. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* K. "Joyful confidence." F. "Love and encouragement." It will be seen K. differed from his judgment five years before by simply one syllable.

12. *Darwen.* K. "Penitence, and some undefinable emotion beside." F. "The Savior's wounds, and my sins the cause." On telling K. what his judgment had been on the previous trial, he exclaimed, "Yes, that's it exactly."

13. *Hail Columbia.* K. "Is not that Yankee Doodle? it sounds like a triumphant march." F. "We shall conquer, but we feel the need of doing our duty faithfully."

14. *Maggie Lauder.* K. "Impudent, brazen-faced boldness. Cocksure recklessness. Benhadad, the Syrian king." F. "Reckless assurance of triumph."

15. *Carolans Farewell to Music.* F. "The funeral of all you had loved and admired." K. did not hear it.

16. *I closed my experiments by playing an air in which I had supposed there could not be much meaning, as I had written it myself. I had written also for it two stanzas which I thought appropriate; as follows:*

When the day's departing light
Leaves the world to shades of night,
Then will I raise my cheerful songs
To Him whose grace my life prolongs.

For as the day's departing light,
Tho' the world it leaves to-night,
Unveils the stars in order bright,
To heaven it lifts my raptured sight.

I quote these to show my own judgment of the melody which I played to them. K. said, "It is changeable; it begins with a pensive strain, passes into cheerful, and ends in adoration." F. said, "It begins with the memory of the past, and ends with hope."

Now when I repeat that in no one of these sixteen instances had K. or F. any clew to the intent of the music, except the music itself, and when it is remembered that they heard the airs on different instruments, K. on the piano, and F. on the flute, then the close coincidence of their criticisms, and its agreement in several instances with the known intention of the composer, demonstrate, I think, to the satisfaction of the most obstinate Sadducee, that distinct and definite shades of feeling can be conveyed by written notes of music. T. H.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME," the last negro melody, is on every body's tongue, and consequently in everybody's mouth. Pianos and guitars groan with it, night and day; sentimental young ladies sing it; sentimental young gentlemen warble it

in midnight serenades; volatile young "bucks" hum it in the midst of their business and pleasures; boatmen roar it out stentorially at all times; all the bands play it; amateur flute blowers agonize over it at every spare moment; the street organs grind it out at every hour; the "singing stars" carol it on the theatrical boards, and at concerts; the chamber maid sweeps and dusts to the measured cadence of *Old Folks at Home*; the butcher's boy treats you to a strain or two of it as he hands in the steaks for dinner; the milk-man mixes it up strangely with the harsh ding-dong accompaniment of his tireless bell; there is not a "live darkey," young or old, but can whistle, sing, dance, and play it, and throw in "Ben Bolt" by way of seasoning; indeed at every hour, at every turn, we are forcibly impressed with the interesting fact, that—

"Way down upon de Swance ribber
Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turnin ebber
Dere's whar de old folks stay;"

while the pathetic—we may add, the soul-stirring—chorus breaks upon the sympathetic ear in the following strain;—

"All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

Albany State Register.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

"O suoni dolci e grandi!"

There is a harp ne'er struck by mortal hand,
But spirit fingers wake its thrilling tone;—
Like voices floating from the fairy land,
What witchery from those strings is round us thrown!
When flow abroad the evening breezes bland,
How melting is this lyre's mysterious swell!
O changeful murmurs through my lattice fanned—
I marvel how the wind-god sweeps the chords so well!

When tempests fierce career along the sky,
And cloud-wraps comes the dweller of the air
In all his stern magnificence, to try
How the slight strings his ruder touch will bear,—
With awe I list the weird and startling strain—
The trump-call of the proud storm rushing by!
Heard o'er the loud blast and the driving rain,
Ring out the full, clear notes—then, echoing softly, die

In trembling, dirge-like wails,—as, far away
Upon the bosom of the lulled air, sail
The faltering sounds, with sweet and solemn sway—
Rising and sinking with the fitful gale!
Melodious wanderer of the trackless way—
Back to my harp return full soon again—
Nor let me miss thy wondrous, varied lay,—
With Summer's warbled trills or Winter's grand refrain!
Boston, Sept. 20, 1852. W. M. M.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Genesis of Musical Sounds.—(Continued.)

It will be observed that the major common chord, together with the whole major system whose substance and essence this chord is, has its origin in the natural series of harmonics which arise from the division of the string by the series of natural numbers. It will also be observed that the minor common chord together with the system which depends upon it, has its origin in the natural series of harmonics arising from the multiplication of the string by the same series. The one is an ascending series, the other a descending. The relations of each to the primary sound or Root, are in the same degree and of equal simplicity. Now to C, assumed as the origin of harmonics, all possible sounds with all possible chords, in both the major and minor modes, bear certain definite relations. Beginning with this C, we ascertain its derivations in each direction. They are E G upwards, and A flat F downward. Taking the sound most nearly re-

lated to C, viz, G, we have B D upwards and E flat C downwards. Next take D, and we have F# A one way, and B flat G the other—and so on indefinitely.

The absolute pitch of C is purely conventional. But being once assumed it must remain fixed, and all sounds of whatever name that can be legitimately employed in music must have clearly defined ratios to C. The number of different sounds which are actually used, excluding octaves, is 58. At least, thirteen scales, major and minor cannot theoretically speaking, be constructed out of a less number. There are certain coincidences however among nominally differing tones, which enable us to get along with a somewhat smaller number.

The organ and other keyed instruments are able to produce but 12 different sounds; and the process by which these twelve are made to answer for the whole fifty-eight, is called Temperament.

I must observe however that the number of thirteen will hardly enumerate all the scales which are used in some schools of music. Probably Spohr's *Last Judgment* employs fifty or more which would be clearly defined by an accurate reading of that complicated harmony. I suppose that the number of possible scales is 53 of each mode. If so, 219 sounds would be demanded for their completion.

I defer to a future article a description of the different kinds of temperament. E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Incident at Newport.

The reigning belle at the Ocean House has been so freely spoken of in the papers, that we can be guilty of no impropriety in relating what follows. The gallant "Germanians," appreciating the "eminent services" of such a magnet, in drawing crowds to their concerts, or, albeit, inspired by her resistless beauty, composed and dedicated to her a Polka during the summer of 1851, and denominated it "First Love." What a charming idea! tender-sly, pathetico-satirical, comico-deprecatory? What a history that significant title shadows forth—of desperate men and envious women, concealed bowie-knives less cruel than those eyes, of yearnings and longings, of growing hopes and conquests, 'hops' and aspirations, serenades and rheumatisms, drives, sighs and fogs! How imploringly it appeals to that ideal charity and mercy which triumphant belle-ism knows not how to realize. How tenderly it rebukes the nonpareille "over nature's shoulders," not daring to approach profanely nearer, and accuse her of conscious cruelty, seeming to say "why, oh why, hast Thou thus endowed her with charms she knows not how to control? Have pity yet, and save our sex by sacrificing her to one!"

Happily, nor broken limbs nor broken hearts can stop the great machinery of the universe—no, nor even disarrange the gear! The year 1851 came to an end:—past, the last strain of the last Polka, the last echo of the last adieux and "au revoir," the last scent from the last dinner, the last sigh from the last beau and—the "Ocean House" was closed. The intervening scenes concern us not.

We are again promenading in the great hall or entry of the "Ocean House." The "Germanians" are there,—Mary is there, and so

(need we say it) every body is there. Love is there, as usual; fanned, crackling, inspiring, consuming, infuriating, melting, intoxicating, crazing, destroying! All *souls* are attacked, all *souls* are subdued:—but—let posterity be thankful, let the archives of music hear, rejoice and be glad—“Corporations have no souls.” So the “Germanians,” though *individually* consumed, infuriated and killed outright, were *corporately* only inspired to a new composition and dedication. The season is near its end. The *débris* of the past year’s havoc are cleared away, that is, to the careless observer. The walls of hotels, let us observe, have ceased to be the chosen archives of Cupid; they only occasionally record the achievements of Bacchus. We no longer hear the pensive, straight-haired youth exclaim, with a sigh, “those lines on the shutter were written by that exquisitely lovely Lotty —” (and his friend’s reply “pho,—fancy! its the list of my linen I just sent to the wash!”) But you may hear, instead, the dapper representative of “Young America” declare with a shout “You see that hole in the plaster?—well, that was made by a bottle of champagne which Sam B. threw at Jo H.’s head!”

To be sure, the nice and sentimental observer will discover traces of the past and even of the present year’s mischief in Love’s department, in the haggard and attenuated figure of that young man prematurely grey, who, like the moth, has come to be consumed in the flame that has “singed” him in his freshness of youth; and that other older man, who owns the fine horses, but now seldom drives, is seen to pass through the entry but once or twice, and then only when *she* is present; damns the champagne, and is particularly hard on the servants;—but then, all this escapes the vulgar eye.

But to return: the season of ’52 is drawing to a close. The Dedication is all the talk. Its title is “Second Love.” The spirit, you see, is getting less sentimental and more satirical. It throws off all disguise; it comes down *de plan pied*, and “squares off.” Our ancient of the horses takes courage, bestirs himself and even goes so far as to look over the manuscript; and it is further rumored that the slim and pensive moth was heard to ask M. Bergmann if he “believed in descriptive music.”

But nobody has heard the new Polka yet. It is to be brought out at the next “concert and hop.” The evening has come, the “Ocean Hall” is open; benches are arranged in the form of a huge ellipse, the outer edges touching the walls, several parallel ellipses within, and all closely packed with beaux and belles in ball array. “The Peerless” is not wanting. The concert commences and continues by programme and comes to an end. Now the hop is to begin. As yet no one stirs. The band plays a promenade—no movement! an undefined expectation pervades the room, it grows more nervous and exciting every minute; the promenade finishes; the excitement becomes intensely painful—a pause in the music—a strain; a polka? yes, a polka. The polka? yes, it can be none other. How was it recognized? Oh, by intuition! inspiration! All eyes are fastened on “the Peerless,” but nobody moves. The first dozen bars are played, when a graceful and elegant form slowly rises, adroitly winds itself out from the labyrinth of benches, supported, polka-fashion, by the youth-

ful son of a distinguished Free-soiler, and takes the floor. They make one circuit of the entire room, to the admiring gaze of the assembled hundreds. No one ventures to profane the charmed circle devoted, for the nonce, to beauty and — belle-ism. Oh, naughty plain women!—Oh envious less-beautiful! Oh desperate men and snubbed boys! what wicked and silly speeches you did make, may God forgive you. How you did pervert and distort the fact with your green and yellow eye-glasses. But the young and generous of both sexes and the frank and unenvious, whether married or single, concurred in exclaiming—

“A pretty compliment—a pretty, modest and graceful acknowledgment!” E.

[From Cocks’s Musical Miscellany.]

Johann Sebastian Bach and his Works.

BY DR. ADOLF MARX.

Amongst the nations who have helped to complete the culture of Europe, there have appeared from time to time spirits, who, like the prophets of old, shed the lustre of their existence and the fructifying power of their activity over centuries; to whom the succeeding generations look back with a feeling of veneration, in order to find out their own position, to measure by them their own standing point and capabilities, and, by the aid of their example, to raise themselves to the highest idea of the destiny of mankind. Such a spirit was Shakespeare, whose name, like an immovable polar star, shines on the horizon of the English nation, if not more brilliantly, certainly more beautifully, than any of the victories of her proud fleets.

To the German musician such a star was given in *Johann Sebastian Bach*, whose name, surrounded with a halo of holiness, shines radiantly through the darkness of a time of general degradation and humiliation. The Italians have not been able to understand him; the French have only learned to appreciate some of his smaller works, and the feeling they entertain for him is perhaps rather that of external respect than of real affection. It is only the British nation who, besides the German, may hope to penetrate into, and fully appreciate, the depth of this prophetic spirit, for whose reception it has already been prepared by his kindred contemporary, George Frederic Handel.

But, even in his own fatherland, it took a century before he was understood in all the depth and fulness of his being—and even now, this perception is confined to a narrow circle of brother artists and lovers of art. His contemporaries admired, in Bach, the greatest performer upon the harpsichord and organ; and although this instrument has undergone such great alterations and improvements, it has turned out that he still was the real founder of the proper style of piano forte playing, the teacher of all his successors. Both his contemporaries and the succeeding generations praised him as the most perfect and fertile harmonist and contrapuntist, as the master of fugue composition, as the artist who had at his command all the most ingenious and boldest combinations which the art of counterpoint offers to the thorough-bred musician. The historian, in fact, perceives that the whole contrapuntal school of the middle ages, which, after the nation that furnished its standard, is designated by the name of the Dutch Period, has found in Bach the perfecter of that form of composition to which it directed its chief attention; and that, up to the present day, his canon and fugue compositions—*e. g.* his “Art of Fugue,” and his polymorphic fugues, in three and four parts,—which may be reversed, note for note, from the beginning to the end, and of which each part allows of being inverted—have not found anything equal to them. Whilst admiring this unexampled artistic skill, we cannot help feeling astonished at the almost endless number of his works, which testify

to his never-tiring industry. Besides many works for the organ, piano, and orchestra, masses, motetts, cantatas, (also two humorous secular ones,) anthems, &c., we have also, by him, four complete annual sets of services for all the Sundays and Festivals of the year; and our astonishment at such fertility of production increases, when we consider how much of his time was occupied in the fulfilment of his official duties, or devoted to teaching. But our astonishment and admiration assume the character of veneration, on perceiving that each and every one of his numberless works bear testimony of his conscientious endeavors to give them the highest possible finish, not only as a whole, but in their minutest details. In this respect, Bach unquestionably stands above all composers, and more especially above his great contemporary, Handel; who, it cannot be gainsaid,) in the consciousness of his power,—allied as it was with an aristocratic loftiness of mind, and often hurried on by personal impetuosity,—did not always find time and repose, or,—especially at a later time of his life, when apparently undeserved misfortunes must often have ruffled his excitable temper,—the inclination, to give to his works such a finish as he might have done.

During the first half of the century following upon Bach, Germany was either drawn away from all religion by the teaching of Voltaire, or gave a nominal adherence to a church which oscillated between infidelity on the one side, and the lame deism of Mendelssohn (in the Christian no less than the Jewish religion) on the other, and to which people confessed themselves, rather from habit and custom, than from a real internal longing for a faithful confidence in the communion of saints. In these times, Graun’s “half opera, half Church Passion,” as *der alte Fritz** used to call his “Death of Jesus” in ridicule, was considered to be the perfection of Church music; so much so, that Bach’s chorales were declared to be unsuitable for the church; and Zelter, the insipid Berliner, armed with the fire-bucket of his Brandenburg muse, undertook to make the recitatives and solo pieces of Bach’s Passion Music “singable and comprehensible;”—cutting the mantle of the prophet into a dressing gown.

When the political rise of the German nation became also a spiritual one, when science and religion awoke from their lethargy; then a new spirit also began to breathe in the art of music. Beethoven raised himself to perfection in his own sphere; Weber imparted a popular and national tone to the opera. A century after its creation, the sublimest work of the Evangelical Church, Seb. Bach’s *Passion Music* could be published, every where performed, and, what is more, felt and understood by thousands. Now it was perceived that the spiritual depth and holiness of the Gospel, the sanctification and salvation of the Church, had never been conceived so fully, and sung so faithfully, so powerfully, so touchingly, and prophetically, as by the senior master (Altmeister) Bach; by him who had been praised so long, but whom now only we were able to comprehend. Soon after, several others of his works were published; and now, at last, a worthy society has started into life, under the name of the “Bach Society,” with the object of bringing out a complete edition of all his works.

The first volume brings us the scores of ten of the above-mentioned services (*Kirchen musiken*), which hitherto have only existed in manuscript. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the rich treasure of art, the fulness of devotion, and deep religious feeling which is offered in these compositions. Two instances will suffice to show how the holy singer penetrates the mystery of Christianity, and the manner in which he reveals his spiritual visions.

One of these services commences in a tone of earnest longing, which, in accordance with Bach’s idea of Christian belief, turns from the consciousness of its own helplessness to the compassion of a merciful Redeemer, with the chorus, “*Herr bleibe bei uns, denn es will Abend werden.*”

* “*Old Fred*,” the pet name given by the Prussians to Frederick the Great.

(Lord, abide with us, for it is towards evening.) As evening gazes with a soft tremor of fear after the waning day, and with the sinking of the sun, a feeling of sorrow steals over the heart of every pious lover of nature; so there runs through Bach's chorus also a mingled feeling of fear and sorrow; the trembling of nature, the pulsations of evening, being represented, as it were in corporeal form, in the soft but incessant repetition of the lower *G* upon the violins and tenors—a form of accompaniment which continues throughout the chorus, and touches and softens the mind in the midst of the impetuous clamor of the voices. For the chorus, having taken up the idea that the evening of every day is a symbol of the last evening of life, has changed its tone of subdued sorrow in which it had commenced, into a loud call for help, and like the sounds of the last trumpet, the cry of anguish and helplessness: "Remain with us, for it is towards evening!" falls upon the ear, and penetrates the heart of the listener—till at last it returns to the idea in which it started, as the only one in which it can find consolation.

Again, in another Service, the chorus has to intone the words "*Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?*" (Beloved God, when shall I die?) Here the oboes begin their song in the clear key of *E* major, in lively 12-8 time, and mostly moving in semiquavers; violins and tenors throw in here and there a pizzicato arpeggio; unexpectedly a flute starts, in the highest region of its tones, with a semiquaver figure, which sounds, in the confusion of the harmonies below, like the tinkling of a little death-bell, such as is still to be heard in some of our old German towns; and now the chorus suddenly intones its song of death and eternity, (in a figured chorale,) in sounds full of anguish and pain, like a voice from the grave, interrupting the fantastic midnight gambols of some hobgoblins. Did not Bach live with heart and soul in his church? and has this church, or Luther himself, been able to conquer the belief in ghosts and demons? So may Bach's representations, indeed, give us an idea of the visions that hover around the bed of the dying believer, of the fears and doubts which, in the last hour of life, wrestle with the hopes and expectations of a pious heart.

Many instances might have been pointed out of Christian devotion and joyous belief, of prophetic grandeur—as, e. g. in the chorus, "*Christ unser Herr;*" (Christ our Lord,)—but I preferred to confine myself to the above two cases, in which one of the most frequent tasks of a Church composer had been solved by Bach in two similar and yet how different ways, and which prove how deeply the great master entered into every subject he undertook to treat, and how poetical and yet most truthful is his mode of conception.

Berlin.

A. B. MARX, Dr.

The Empress Catherine and Paesiello.

MICHAEL KELLY, in his "Reminiscences," gives the following anecdote related to him by the celebrated PAESIELLO, illustrative of the kindness of the Empress Catherine of Russia towards him:

She was his scholar; and while he was accompanying her one bitter cold morning, he shuddered with the cold. Her Majesty perceiving it, took off a beautiful cloak which she had on, ornamented with clasps of brilliant of great value, and threw it over his shoulders. Another mark of esteem for him, she evinced by her reply to Marshal Beloselsky. The Marshal, agitated, it is believed, by the "green-eyed monster," forgot himself so far as to give Paesiello a blow; Paesiello, who was a powerful athletic man, gave him a sound drubbing. In return, the Marshal laid his complaint before the Empress, and demanded from her Majesty the immediate dismissal of Paesiello from the Court, for having had the audacity to return a blow upon a Marshal of the Russian Empire. Catherine's reply was, "I neither can nor will attend to your request; you forgot your dignity when you gave an unoffending man and

a great artist a blow; are you surprised that he should have forgotten it too? and as to rank, it is in my power, Sir, to make fifty marshals, but not one Paesiello."

TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest!
How little in thy pride divinest
Inevitable fall! albeit
We who stand round about thee see it.
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near
Other bright children of the Year,
Almost as high, and much like thee
In features and infective glee;
Some happy to call forth the mower,
And hear his sharpened scythe sweep o'er
Rank after rank: then others wait
Before the grange's open gate,
And watch the nodding wain, or watch
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,
Till young and old at once take wing
And promise to return in Spring.
Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. III.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* I find in a Boston paper to-day, something about "everybody learning to read music—as in Germany." We must appoint the writer of that a committee to visit the next half dozen emigrant ships from Bremen and Hamburg, and get the musical statistics of their thousand or more passengers, natives of all parts of Germany. The committee may examine out of the last new psalm book.

The fact is, that nine-tenths of the talk about music in Germany is fudge, and is founded on ignorant (musically) travelers' humbug. When a really musical person speaks of the prevalence of musical taste and knowledge in Germany, he does not mean that every body from "Thick Fritz" to the wooden shod peasant, can take up the "singing book," or "Negro Minstrel," and read "Luz," or "Old Dan Tucker," at sight; he means that the musical public is exceedingly great, and actually knows what music is.

"But music is taught in the schools there." So it is. It is taught also in the schools of most of the New England cities. And, as with us, part of the pupils have a genius for music, part can catch tunes (somewhat near right) from hearing them over and over again, and others are like Charles Lamb in respect to ears, and have no more conception of difference in tones than Mr. So and So has of difference in colors; precisely so it is there.

A hundred persons visit Germany. How many of them are capable of judging anything about the actual diffusion of musical knowledge? Of those who are capable, how many take pains to form a judgment? Perhaps—one; and the one is utterly confounded at the curious notions of the ninety and nine who went not into the matter.

As music is one of the "lions," they come home and astonish the natives with the wonderful musical experiences, which they have acquired—by hearsay. In Heidelberg, Bonn, Göttingen, they pass *Studenten Kneifes* and hear the jingle of glasses, half drowned by uproarious songs;—"Mem. German students, singers." They pass the barracks and hear a chorus of soldiers glorifying war, wine and women;—"Mem. German soldiers, singers." They meet a procession of Pilgrims on the Rhine, on their way to visit some old bone, or a bunch of rags, or a bit of decayed wood, and hear some old choral, which has come down for centuries traditionally like "Old Hundred," in England and America;—another "Mem. German peasants singers." They pass a school-house and happen to hear the children's voices in a morning or evening hymn, or perhaps drilling on the scale, and straightway—"Mem. German children, singers." I remember when I thought every Methodist was an inspired singer; I got the impression at a camp meeting. I was at the examination of a gymnasium in Berlin, the capital of Prussia, in April, 1851, and noted the musical performances particularly. I went for that pur-

pose mostly. It was a very large school of boys, ranging in age, say from eight to seventeen years. Their appearance in the examinations in history, geography, Latin, Greek, &c., was no better than that of the scholars of the Cambridge High School last spring, though different; but the best of their specimens of pencil and crayon drawing were good enough for a Boston exhibition, and their singing good enough for any American concert. But the singers were a *select class*: some twenty-five or thirty from the whole school-house full. The spectators were not bored with some hackneyed psalm tune or worn out negro melody, set to words "which will not offend the most delicate taste," dragged, dragged along a note or two behind the piano or the teacher's voice; they sang music,—motets as splendid in their harmony and effects, as difficult in their execution. Those boys had learned to sing! From these select school classes the magnificent choir at the Dom draws its recruits. In our schools music is still regarded rather as by-play, and the musical genius gets no more instruction than the musical dunderhead. There it is different, and so are the results.

But as for every body's learning to read music,—you may as well believe in the correctness of the German notion that every American is a dead shot, and at a hundred yards can shoot off the tip of a mosquito's bill, and not hurt—merely disable—the "critter."

Sept. 18. I see that Dwight's Journal to-day has some Beethoven Anecdotes from Cocks's Miscellany, about as valuable in a historic point of view as the Beethoven death bed scenes, which caught my notice the other day, in another Journal.

Could Czerny really have written them? Perhaps the trouble may be in Mr. Cocks's translation, and faulty memory—he seems to hint this—but, there is queer work somewhere. Czerny was born in Vienna, one or two years only before Beethoven came there in 1792, and knew him personally as boy and man, from 1801 until the death of the great master. He was even employed by Beethoven as the instructor of his nephew. A glance, then, at the anecdotes attributed to Czerny.

"A Theme;" under this title is a story of old [aged 51] Pleyel and Beethoven, and the date given is 1808 or 9. Ries, who was the only really acknowledged pupil of Beethoven *save some Archduke* or other, who was something of a musician though an Archduke, tells the story circumstantially. Instead of Pleyel, he writes *Steibelt*; instead of Prince Lobkowitz, he writes *Count Fries*; for "the second violin part of Pleyel's Quartet," "the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintet, upside down." The story is translated in Schindler's (Moschelles) book, appendix, Vol. II, p. 288. Again, "The song of a bird which he chanced to hear in a wood gave the theme for his great Symphony in C minor." A chance which poor Beethoven would have wished often repeated; for when he composed that Symphony he had been—deaf five years. He once said to Schindler in respect to this theme, "So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte!" "Thus Fate knocks upon the portal!"* The song of a bird!

"The scherzo of the ninth symphony occurred to him in a garden while the birds were singing." Perhaps it did, but he had been deaf twenty years.

In the next "anecdote" let the reader note the following errata: for "Sargino" read "Achilles." Omit, "was angry, and;" omit also, "on the death of a hero," which has nothing to do with the *Sonata*.

As to the third symphony, Mr. Cocks (or Mr. Czerny) may possibly be mistaken, as it was written some years after the battle of Aboukir, and the first MS. copy had at the very top of the title page the word *BUONAPARTE*. This will do for this time.

"The character of Beethoven, as we formerly said, has been unfairly treated by the anecdote-mongers."

Well, it has, Mr. Cocks.

Was at Alboni's concert last night and heard "Souvernir Americain, fantasia for violin, composed and performed by Sig. Arditi."

A Paganini? Apage, Ninney!

Sept. 25th. The *New Yorker Abend Zeitung* of to-day

* See as above, p. 150. I wish our orchestra directors would read the entire passage; they play the opening of the symphony here faster than abroad, and make it more like the song of a bird, and less like Fate knocking at the portal.

has the following programme. The first two words are in English and in large letters, the rest is German, which I translate.

SACRED CONCERT

IN THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,
Under the direction of Herr NOLL,
Sunday, Sept. 26, 1852.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

1. Overture to Stradella, Flotow.
2. Toni Waltz, Labitzky.
3. Gipsy Song, Meyerbeer.
4. Spring Galop, Kaiser.
5. Duo Concertante for two violins, Duncle.

[Performed by Messrs. Noll and Beyer.]

SECOND PART.

6. Overture to Oberon, Weber.
7. Tone Stories—Waltzes, Gungl.
8. Finale from "Robert the Devil," Meyerbeer.
9. Halmoskinder—Quadrilles, Strauss.

N. B. It is requested for the ladies' sake, that smoking in the Hall will be forborne. The ante-chamber will be opened for smokers.

Admittance, 12 1-2 cents. To commence at 8 o'clock.

Sacred? This, I take it, is, to use Dicken's polite phrase, originally, a Boston "dodge."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 2, 1852.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. This number closes our first half-year. We mark here a division of our yearly issue for two reasons:

1. To accommodate those who prefer *thin* volumes.—Others have only to bind two volumes into one.
2. To indicate a good opportunity, now that the musical year is just commencing, for new subscribers to give in their names. Our Agents will please govern themselves accordingly.

☞ We can supply all numbers of the First Volume, now complete, from the beginning. Price one dollar.

POSTAGE. By the new law, which will go into effect on the 30th inst., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, will be *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of *Massachusetts*, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and *double these rates* to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (i. e. in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

(Concluded.)

The Second Part has for its subject-matter the reaction of the popular sentiment against Elijah, at the instigation of the queen, his sojourn in the wilderness, and his translation to heaven. This is prefaced by a song of warning to Israel: "*Hear ye, Israel*," for a soprano voice, in B minor, 3-8 time:—one of these quaint little wild flowers of melody again, which seem to have dropped so often from another planet at the feet of Mendelssohn. The short-breathed, syncopated form of the accompaniment, and the continual cadence of the voice through a third give it an expression of singularly childlike innocence and seriousness. Then follows, in the major of the key, in statelier 3-4 measure, and with trumpet *obligato*, a cheering air, which differs from the last as a bracing October morning from a soft summer Sabbath evening: "*Thus saith the Lord, I am he that comforteth*," &c., leading into the very spirited chorus in G major: "*Be not afraid, saith God the Lord*." This has a full, broad, generous, Handelian flow, like a great river "rolling rapidly;" and as your ear detects the mingling separate currents when you heed the river's general roar more closely, so, hurrying, pursuing, mingling, go the voices of the fugue: "*Though thousands languish*," which gives the chorus a more thoughtful character for a moment, before

they are all merged again in the grand whole of that first strain, "*Be not afraid*!"

One cannot conceive how the scene which follows could have been wrought into music with a more dramatic effect. The prophet denounces Ahab; then the queen in the low tones of deepest excitement, in angry and emphatic sentences of recitative, demands: "*Hath he not prophecied against all Israel?*" "*Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?*" "*Hath he not closed the heavens?*" &c.; and to each question comes an ominous, brief choral response: "*We heard it with our ears*," &c.; and finally the furious chorus: "*Woe to him, he shall perish*," in which the quick, short, petulant notes of the orchestra seem to crackle and boil with rage.

Yielding to Obadiah's friendly warning, the prophet journeys to the wilderness; and here we have the tenderest and deepest portions of all this music; here we approach Elijah in his solitary communings and his sufferings; here we feel a more human interest and sympathy for the mighty man of miracle; we forget the terrible denouncer of God's enemies, and love his human heart, all melting to the loveliness of justice, and mourning over Israel's insane separation of herself from God, more than over his own trials. Follow him there! genial guides stand ready to your imagination's bidding: first, the grand old words of the brief and simple Hebrew narrative; then the befitting and congenial music of this modern descendent of the Hebrews, this artist *son of Mendel*. Listen to that grand, deep song which he has put here into the mouth of Elijah: "*It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers*," &c. What resignation! His great soul, bowed to that unselfish sadness, gives you a nobler, more colossal image than the fallen Saturn in the "Hyperion" of Keats. The grave and measured movement of the orchestra marks well his weary, thoughtful, heavy steps. But his soul summons a new energy, the smouldering music blazes up, as he remembers: "*I have been very jealous for the Lord*."

Follow him! Fatigue brings sleep, and sleep brings angel voices. Let that sweet tenor recitative interpret his wanderings and his whereabouts, and the angelic voices interpret the heaven in his heart. "*Under a juniper tree in the wilderness*!" Mark the quaint simplicity of the words, and how heartily the musical vein in Mendelssohn adapts itself to such child's narrative. And now hear, as the composer heard, the heavenly voices floating down. It is a scene almost as beautiful as that portrayed in Handel's music for the nativity of the Messiah. First a Trio (female voice) without accompaniments: "*Lift thine eyes to the mountains*," pure and chaste as starlight; then the lovely chorus (for all four parts): "*He watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps*." If the Trio was like heaven descending, this is like the peacefulness of earth encompassed with heaven; it has a gentle, soothing, pastoral character, like "There were shepherds watching their flocks by night." The universal bosom seems to heave with the serene feeling of protection, and the heart to throb most joyously, most gently, with the equal and continuous rise and fall of those softly modulated triplets in the accompaniments. Voice after voice breathes out the melody; and what unspeakable tenderness in the new theme which the tenors

introduce: "*Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee*."

Again follow him! Forty days and forty nights: so sings the angel (alto recitative); and again the noble recitative of the prophet, "wrestling with the Lord in prayer:" "*O Lord, I have labored in vain; . . . O that I now might die!*" This is relieved by the profoundly beautiful alto song, in the natural key, four-fold measure: "*O rest in the Lord*," and he resumes: "*Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be thou not far from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land*;" which last suggestion the instruments accompany with a reminiscence from that first chorus, descriptive of the drought: "*The harvest now is over*," &c.

And now he stands upon the mount, and "*Behold! God, the Lord passed by!*" We are too weary with fruitless attempts to convey a notion of the different portions of this oratorio by words, to undertake the same thing with this most descriptive and effective chorus. One cannot but remark the multitude of subjects which the story of Elijah offers for every variety of musical effects. The orchestra preludes the coming of the "*mighty wind*." Voices, accompanied in loud high unison, proclaim: "*The Lord passed by!*" the storm swells up amid the voices, wave on wave, with brief fury and subsides, and again the voices in whispered harmony pronounce: "*yet the Lord was not in the tempest*." The same order of treatment is repeated with regard to the "earthquake," and with regard to the "fire." All this is in E minor; the key opens into the major, into the moist, mild, spring-like atmosphere of E major, and the voices in a very low, sweet chorus, in long notes, whisper the coming of the "*still, small voice*," while the liquid, stroking divisions of the accompaniment seem "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." The Seraphim are heard in double chorus, chanting: "*Holy, holy*," &c., marked by sublime simplicity. One more recitative from the prophet: "*I go on my way in the strength of the Lord*," with the air: "*For the mountain shall depart*," during which the instruments tread on with stately, solid steps, in notes of uniform length, in 6-4 measure;—and we have the marvellously descriptive, awe-inspiring chorus which describes his ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot. There is no mistaking the sound of the swift revolving fiery wheels, suggested by the accompaniment.

Another beautiful tenor song: "*Then shall the righteous shine*," and a fit conclusion to the whole is made by two grand choruses, foreshadowing the consummation of all prophecy in the God-Man, just leaving off where Handel's "Messiah," the oratorio of oratorios, began. The first: "*Behold, my servant, and mine elect*," has much of the grandeur, but not the simplicity of Handel. It is separated from the last by an exquisite quartet: "*Come, every one that thirsteth*," which is wholly in the vein of Mendelssohn. And the whole closes with a solid, massive fugue, in the grand old style: "*Lord, our Creator, how excellent thy name*."

GOTTSCALK, THE AMERICAN PIANIST.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that this brilliant artist who, though still in the hey-day of youth, has achieved such remarkable success as a pianist among the most influential and intellectual European circles of art, will shortly return to this country, to make his first professional tour in

his native land. He is to leave Liverpool for New York on the 15th November. Gottschalk is a Louisianian by birth, New Orleans being his native city. He will be heartily greeted by all admirers of true genius.

A Letter from the Publishers of Marx.

[We know nothing of the "attack" alleged in the following, and of course take no responsibility for the "reply." With the personal controversies, or business rivalries of musical professors and publishers a true Journal of Music has simply nothing to do. But as the volume which has been translated and adapted from the great work of Marx is really one of interest to our musical public, we willingly give some space to its publishers in which to state and to defend its merits. — Ed.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 20th, 1852.

J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.

Dear Sir:—We have just learned that at a recent musical convention held in your city, a public attack was made upon our edition of "Marx's Musical Composition," by one of the gentlemen who had charge of the convention. As we had no opportunity to reply to this unfounded statement there, will you permit us the favor to do so through your columns.

Without referring to the numerous testimonials of competent judges, it may be sufficient for us to suggest that in addition to the encomium of R. STORRS WILLIS Esq., who adds to a finished classical education, a thorough knowledge of the science of music, and the German language, acquired during years of constant and unremitting study in Germany, and who pronounces that "there can be but one opinion with regard to the manner in which Mr. Saroni has accomplished the translation," and that "it affords a singular instance of a foreigner's use and mastery of the English language," we have the written commendation of Dr. MARX himself, who desires us under date of June 23d to "express his sincerest thanks to the translator for the practical and successful manner in which he has accomplished his task."

It would therefore seem that the unprovoked attack alluded to must have arisen from either malice or ignorance. As charity will not allow us to suppose that the former could have found place in the breast of the professor, we are obliged to ascribe his attack to the latter, and suppose that he lacks a sufficient knowledge of German to compare any translation from that language with the original. Under these circumstances we respectfully commend to his consideration the adage:

"Ne Sutor (furnarius) ultra crepidam (formicem)." Truly Yours, MASON & LAW.

A CARD.

TO "MANY PATRONS." As the length of last Wednesday's programme did not permit of any addition, your request will be cordially complied with in next week's Concert. We also take this opportunity to state that any requests to have particular pieces performed must be handed in before Saturday, as the programmes go to press on that day, and are issued regularly Monday morning.

For the Germania Serenade Band, G. SCHNAPP.
Boston, Oct. 1, 1852.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

ALBONI COMES! Hope will not be so long deferred as we had feared. We have seen a letter from Mr. Brough, the gentlemanly agent of the great Contralto, directing the engagement of the Melodeon immediately on the expiration of Mr. Anderson's nights, which will be about the 16th of October. ALBONI will then feast us with three concerts, after which she will retire from Boston, until she can return and sing in the new Music Hall.

Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, the young Danish prima donna, arrived in this city with her brother, Mr. William Lehmann, of the Quintet Club, on Wednesday in the Canada. She will soon give us a taste of her quality in a concert. Yet her success in dramatic music has been so great in her own land, that we regret the absence of

all prospect of an opera in Boston, or even in New York, this winter. Mlle. L. will combine the attraction of her talent with that of the fine Chamber music of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, in their approaching series of concerts; and we have seen testimony enough to make us sure that it will prove a great attraction.

One of her musical countrymen, in Lowell, hearing of her approach, writes thus, over the signature of J. G., in the *Literary Museum*:

"More than ten years have elapsed since I knew the bud that has blossomed into the rose of twenty-two summers, as a distinguished pupil in the Royal Conservatorio at Copenhagen; and many were the expressions of admiration then and there manifested by the public in her favor. At present, I can only judge of her merits from the weekly attestations of the Danish press which pronounce her the queen of song, as well as of the people, and in the possession of such qualities as enable her to sing the most difficult pieces in all their various shades of perfection."

The last AFTERNOON CONCERT seemed well attended and gave a great deal of genuine delight; yet it was not a paying audience. Are our musical friends aware what good things they are losing? The little orchestra plays admirably. The selections have been made to suit all tastes. The last programme but one was mostly light and brilliant, and the house was only half full. The last concluded with the E flat Symphony of Haydn, which was exquisitely rendered; yet was the audience too small. Must there be always novelty! Well, for the next time they announce the great Symphony by FRANZ SCHUBERT, never attempted yet in Boston. There should be curiosity to hear this, although but few will probably appreciate it in a single hearing. Let there be a fuller audience on Wednesday, lest one more loss discourage the musicians and suddenly cut short these pleasant opportunities.

MR. LEWIS JONES, who now has charge of Amory Hall, has been appointed Superintendent of the new Boston Music Hall.

The Hall is now leased to the "Handel and Haydn Society" for every Sunday evening for five years; to the "Musical Fund Society" and to the "Germanians" for their concerts; also to the "Mercantile Library Association," for thirty evenings, and to the religious society of the Rev. Theodore Parker for the Sunday forenoons.

New York.

MADAME SONTAG'S FIRST CONCERT, on Monday evening, was a triumph and complete success. In numbers and character of audience, in the scale of liberality and completeness in which the whole thing was arranged, and in the enthusiasm kindled by her singing, it was analogous to the great Jenny Lind nights. Not a few of the Gotham newspaper critics hesitate not already to pronounce the Sontag the superior artist to the Lind; but we shall wait till we have heard her, at least several times, before we shall be convinced of that;—meanwhile not doubting that she is one of the world's very greatest artists. Waiting with patient faith until our own turn comes to hear her, we can only now quote briefly from the first impressions of the New Yorkers.

All write in praise of the glorious orchestra, numbering seventy-two of the best resident artists, under the perfect conductorship of Herr ECKERT, and of the unrivaled manner in which the overtures to *Der Freyschütz* and "Midsummer Night's Dream" were played. All of course were delighted with JAEHL's brilliant piano forte execution (though some regretted that he did not honor the occasion by selecting from some more classic author than De Meyer); and with the violin solo of young master PAUL JULIEN, "whose performances have an intrinsic merit, entitling them to a place in these programmes, independent of his precocity, which is so genuine and extraordinary as to remind us of the youth of Mozart." Of POZZOLINI the tenor it is said, that he has a fine voice, sweet and flexible, though limited in power and compass, that he sings with tenderness and expression, but that his effort was quite ineffective on account of indisposition. Had he been Mario, his chance would have been small while all were waiting for the first notes of the Queen of the evening. It is as well to imagine the enthusiasm which burst forth at her first appearance, reluctantly subsiding only when she began to sing the first notes of the andante of *Come per me sereno*. This, and her second piece, "Rode's Variations," are both of the extremely florid order, in which all accounts agree that Sontag never is excelled. The *Tribune* says:

"The sparkling delicacy and beauty of her runs, trills and cadenzas, must be heard to be appreciated. It was delightful to hear a singer whose style thus perfectly embodied the traditions of the time anterior to Verdi and Meyerbeer, when screaming and singing were not regarded as identical. What pleasure to listen to the notes flowing pure and true, and polished like pearls and diamonds from her lips!"

She also sang an air from *Linda* and two little "songs for the million," of which the *Evening Post* speaks in the following terms:

"Sontag next gave, with a chorus accompaniment, a tender Swiss air, set for her expressly by Eckert, and, we think, on purpose to show that those remarkable ventriloquial effects, which made Jenny Lind's Echo Songs so famous, are within reach of any first-class singer. In delicacy, in refinement, in the sweet and simple charms of natural feeling, as well as in the accomplishment of difficulties, it was the gem of the concert, and, in our estimation, greatly surpassed the mountain song in accordance with the popular idea, but less pleasing. A sombre, deep repose pervaded her rendering, as if the soul, weary of the distractions of life, sank down in its home to an endless tranquility and rest; but in the conception of Jenny Lind, a cheerful serenity and happiness was the motive, and she sometimes gave the refrain with a sudden, almost exuberant gush of joy, like the cry of a prodigal who had found peace at last. For this reason, among others, we rather prefer the version of the latter, though Sontag's is full of solem beauty."

The following from the *Tribune*, seems in unison with all that we have heard hitherto from the most calmly appreciative judges:

"Sontag's voice is a mezzo-soprano of good compass, reaching, we judge, from B flat, below the staff, to C above. The lower register has been least impaired by time, and is ringing and metallic; the upper notes, although clear in tone and perfect in intonation, have lost somewhat of their original power and sweetness, and have to be taken with perceptible caution. The shake is preserved in exquisite perfection, and in point of flexibility, there can nothing more wonderful be desired, although this quality is evidently rather an attainment than a gift. We are not sure but the predominate feeling last night was amazement at the infallible dexterity with which vocal difficulties were annihilated. The school in which Sontag sings is characterized by extraordinary execution and profuse embellishment. She revels in those florid passages which display the utmost limit of vocal proficiency. Every phrase is elaborated to its highest finish, and we sometimes fancied the sentiment of the composer obscured by the improvised cadenzas of the cantatrice. One of the faults of this school is that the science of the singer is forced obtrusively into notice when a rigid adherence to the composer's text would interpret his ideas with greater truth and beauty; and we think that in no portion of Sontag's performance is the Artist more clearly revealed than in those pure and classic passages, which occasionally flow from her lips, as if to show that in her inmost soul, is realized the highest conception of her subject. Alas, that Time should lay its ruthless touch, ever so lightly, upon one so nobly gifted! The listener will miss the incomparable charm of youth, but let him thank the gods, that so much remains of the rival of Pisaroni and Malibran."

(The musical correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* protests against even the "ever so light" qualification implied in the last two sentences.)

We presume all our readers have heard that the concert realized \$6,000. Of the second concert, which took place on Wednesday, we can only say that there was no abatement of audience or interest. Everything now promises a more splendid career in America, than was hitherto deemed credible, for the great German prima donna.

ALBONI'S CONCERT THAT WAS TO BE. All the upper portion of the city suffered a "total eclipse" last night, at about 7 1/2 o'clock, in consequence of a transient stoppage in the flow of gas. Metropolitan Hall having been included in the universal dispensation, the manager of Alboni's Concert did not try the effect of Job's patent remedy, but at once closed the doors and announced the concert postponed until some more auspicious occasion, which we since learn is to take place on Tuesday evening next.—*Tribune*.

Philadelphia.

MADAME ALBONI'S single concert here, on Monday evening, was the great event of the season, and exhausts the whole vocabulary of admiration in those who report of music in the newspapers.

ADELINA PATTI. Considerable interest has been created in the musical circles of Philadelphia by the performances of Adelina Patti, of New York, who possesses a wonderfully clear, powerful, flexible soprano voice, which, in its compass, reaches through two-and-a-half octaves. She is capable of singing Jenny Lind's Echo Song, difficult as it is, with a distinctness and precision truly wonderful. The age of this remarkable artist is but nine years. She is destined to become most distinguished in her profession, apparently treading in the path of the child Malibran and the child Sontag.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S English Opera Company is now, it seems, a settled fact, and will open here in Novem-

ber, with Von Flotow's opera called *Martha*. Fitzgerald's *Clytemnestra* thus enumerates the *personale* of the troupe:

"The talented and sprightly Miss Rosa Jacques, who created such a sensation at the Walnut some time past, in her spirited delineation of *La Fille du Régiment*, is to be the *mezzo soprano* and *contralto*, and indeed it will be a great treat to hear a duet between Anna Bishop and Miss Rosa. Mrs. Barton Hill has joined the company, and we have no doubt that her sweet and charming voice, added to her excellent acting, will be of great use to Bochsa, who, we hear, wishing that every part in an opera should be performed by efficient singers, and not merely by comedians, in order not to mutilate or destroy the effect of the concerted pieces, has enlisted an excellent corps of people of talent for second parts. Signor Guidi, the well known gentlemanly tenor, just returned from a tour through England, France and Italy, has been secured, and Bochsa could not do anything better, as Guidi has a sweet and powerful voice, an excellent method, a full knowledge of the stage, and speaks and sings English perfectly well. Signor Guidi belonged once to Maretzek's troupe, but at the request of many of his Boston friends he left the stage for concert singing, and he was appointed first tenor of the Handel and Haydn Societies. In his last continental tour, Guidi sang in England *La Sonnambula* and *Linda* in the English language, and in France he sang with great success the *Faust* and *Lucia*, in French. Leach, the admirable baritone, is engaged, as is also Signor Strini, a Bass of the greatest profundity, and who, it is said, takes the double F just as easily as if he had one more octave below to please his friends with. Henry Phillips is coming, who is to bring another Tenor, and perhaps another Soprano."

From Philadelphia, the Company will proceed to New York and Boston.

The MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY will revive their concerts this winter in the hall which bears their name, and which for its size is perhaps the best music hall in the country.

The HARMONIA SOCIETY is a new organization for the performance of Sacred Music, which has just erected a spacious building for its purposes on Chestnut Street, in which it will give one or two concerts during the winter. Mr. Stanbridge is building a splendid organ for the hall, which (as is said of almost all new organs) "will, without doubt, be the best, as well as the largest in this country."

England.

BIRMINGHAM. The London press teems with lengthy reports of the continuation of the Festival. We resume our abstract with the evening performance of the first day (Tuesday, Sept. 7th). This was a miscellaneous concert, consisting of the "First Walpurgis Night," and a selection from the favorite songs, duets, scenes, overtures, &c., of the last London season. Mendelssohn's wild and picturesque musical poem, though over an hour long, was listened to with profound attention. The *Times* says:

"The wonderful power of the stringed instruments in the band was fully shown in the opening instrumental movement in A minor, describing stormy weather in the Hartz mountains—in the spring chorus, 'Now May again'—and in the incantation, where the Druids frighten the Roman soldiers from the place of their religious ceremonies. We have seldom heard this last wild and magnificent scene given with more overpowering effect. It must be owned that the Birmingham sopranos and altos, in the passage in A minor, 'Come with torches,' threw into shade all the efforts we remember on the part of the lady-choristers of London in the *Walpurgis Night*, whether at Exeter-hall or at the Hanover-square Rooms. The entire performance, indeed, was worthy of Mendelssohn, and of this great festival, which he did so much to sustain and render prosperous. The sublime chorus at the end, 'Unclouded now the flame is bright,' when the Druids, having scared away their enemies, the Romans, chant their orisons to the god of nature, unmolested, delivered with appropriate grandeur and solemnity, was a fitting and effective climax."

Of the lesser varieties in the programme the same authority remarks:

"The only encore of the evening was awarded to the overture of *Guillaume Tell*, which was played with extraordinary vigor and brilliancy. The *finale* to the third act of *Mosé* was spoiled by curtailments that reduced it to a mere skeleton. Nevertheless the magnificent voice of Signor Tamberlik in the concluding *allegro*, produced, as at the Royal Italian Opera, an effect not to be resisted. The other solo parts were taken by Madame Castellani, Mademoiselle Bertrand, Signors Belletti, Polonini, and Mr. Lockey. The *finale* from the third act of *Masaniello* would have been better without the noisy *coda* which follows the prayer, and, away from the stage, is devoid of meaning. Signor Tamberlik produced a highly favorable impression in the fine air from *Freud*. Mademoiselle Anna Zerr, in the variations of Proch, accomplished feats of vocalization which justified the reputation she

enjoys as one of the greatest of *bravura* singers. . . . Signor Belletti, an old and deserved favorite at Birmingham, in the air from the *Siege de Corinthe*, manifested those qualities which have justly gained him the title of one of the most perfect singers of Rossini's florid music. He experienced a highly flattering reception. The long duet from the *Prophète*, well as it was executed by Mesdames Viardot and Castellani, was wholly out of place in a concert-room, and produced little effect. . . . The *Martiri* duet (by Castellani and Tamberlik), with its animated *coda* 'O santa melodia'—the air of the page, from the *Huguenots* (by Miss Dolby)—the air, with chorus, of Sarastro, from the first *finale* in *Il Flauto Magico* (by Herr Formes)—the romance, 'Deh vieni,' from *Figaro* (by Madame Novello)—and last, not least, the duet for violin and violoncello, on themes from *Guillaume Tell* (by Saindon and Piatti), were among the gems of the concert. A line apart is due to Mlle. Bertrand, who sang the *Robert le diable* with more than common feeling, and richly merited the applause she obtained. Madame Castellani's *O luce di quest'anima* was a brilliant and effective performance; and the splendid overture to *Jessonda* was played quite as well, and quite as well deserved an encore, as that to *Guillaume Tell*. To conclude, Madame Viardot's version of the *finale* from *Cenerentola*—*largo* and *rondo* (*Non più mesta*)—was dexterous and finished to the last degree; but, for taste, brilliancy, and quality of voice, it was a very long way behind that of Alboni, who, in the execution of this singularly effective piece, has rendered competition impossible."

Wednesday, Second Day.—A bright sun, and the streets all animation. The morning programme included a Motet (for the first time) by Mendelssohn: "Savior of Sinners;" the same composer's Posthumous Oratorio: "Christus;" an Anthem by Dr. Wesley; and "The Creation." Up to this moment, the *Times* well says, it had been, strictly speaking, a Mendelssohn festival. But this seems to have afforded unanimous satisfaction, for really the English enthusiasm about Mendelssohn is unbounded.

"The motet of Mendelssohn, performed for the first time in this country, is an English Protestant version (by Mr. Bartholomew) of an 'Ave Maria,' in A major, composed many years ago. The score is for eight principal voices (two sopranos, two altos, two tenors, and two basses) with chorus, accompanied by two clarinets, two bassoons, and an organ. We have only time to say that it is a very elaborate, ingenious, and beautiful piece of writing. The public, however, was quite in the dark about its merits, since the performance this morning was anything but what it should have been."

"With the fragments from *Christus* the case was otherwise. It was, we believe, the intention of Mendelssohn to compose four oratorios, the subjects of two (*St. Paul* and *Christus*) from the New, and of two (*Elijah* and *Isaiah*) from the Old Testament. That only two of these were finished is well-known—*St. Paul* and *Elijah*, one from the New and one from the Old Testament. The third taken in hand was *Christus*; during the progress of which death snatched the great musician away. What was finished of *Christus* is provokingly little—the more provokingly since it raises unbounded anticipations of excellence and perfection. A trio in G, for tenor and two basses, ('Say where is He born, the King of Judea,' we give the titles after the English version of Mr. Bartholomew)—a chorus in E flat, 'There shall a star from Jacob come forth,' ending with a *chorale* in the same key—a scene, composed of recitatives and choruses, for Pontius Pilate and the Jews, the subject being the unwillingness of Pilate to deliver up Jesus, and the determination of the Jews to crucify him; a chorus in G minor, 'Daughters of Zion; and a *chorale*, in C, 'He leaves His heavenly portals.' These, luckily individually finished and scored, are all that is left of the third oratorio of Mendelssohn. The trio, a piece of flowing and natural melody, and the chorus in E flat—a strain of transcendent beauty and freshness—have relation to the birth of the Savior, and belong to the epoch when the Wise Men of the East set out on their journey to do him homage. The scene with Pilate, incomplete as a scene, is nevertheless enough to show that it would have surpassed in terrible sublimity all the previous essays of the composer. The chorus, 'Crucify Him,' in C minor, though brief, is a tremendous picture of a blind and infuriate mob, giving loose to bigotry and all its most cruel and ignorant prejudices, while the other choruses of the people are in their way equally striking and impressive. The recitatives of Pilate are extremely fine, and forcibly convey the indecision that holds him in suspense—the wish to save an innocent man and the cowardice that renders him the abject slave of the mob. In plaintive and pathetic beauty even Mendelssohn has not surpassed the chorus in G minor, in which the daughters of Zion are admonished to 'weep for themselves.' The beauty of the melody, the novelty of the orchestral accompaniments, and the richness of the harmony are unparalleled. The expression of the passage, 'For surely the days are coming when they shall exclaim to the mountains, fall down upon us,' is terrific, the change of harmony on the last four words conveying a feeling quite as novel as it is profound. The last *chorale* having reference to another part of the history of the Savior, the chief incidents whereof were evidently intended to be embodied in the oratorio, is a noble and simple piece of harmony. At present we can say no more about the fragments of *Christus*, time and space pressing; but there can be little

doubt that we shall have other opportunities of alluding to them at greater length, for they represent the genius of Mendelssohn in the fullness of its strength and majesty. The impression they created was solemn and deep."

"The anthem (in E major) of Dr. Wesley was unfortunately placed between the *Christus* and the *Creation*. The sublimity of the first made it appear insignificant, while the *ad captandum* tune and brilliancy of the last made too favorable a contrast to the dry elaboration of the anthem to be agreeable to its admirers."

"The performance of Haydn's great work was throughout admirable. Mme. Novello and Mme. Castellani sang both so well that the friendly rivalry ended in a verdict which divided the palm of merit equally between them. With this light and popular oratorio restrictions against applause are difficult to enforce; and, as was to be expected, it broke out successively after 'With verdure clad' (Madame Novello), 'In native worth' (Mr. Sims Reeves), 'In splendor bright' (Mr. Lockey), and 'Rolling in foaming billows' (Herr Formes), all of which were given in first-rate style. In the last the scale of superb bass notes, through which Herr Formes descends to the double D, created an impression that threatened to put aside the edicts of committee-men and set decorum at defiance. The choruses went to perfection, and the band was irreproachable."

The second Evening Concert opened with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, (one of the London critics has it "the splendid symphony from 'Jupiter'!") magnificently played; followed by morceaux of Italian opera, Schubert's "Wanderer," &c. But the great novelty was the *Finale* of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Loreley*, concerning which we quote the *Chronicle*:

"*Loreley* was a subject to which Mendelssohn, wisely fastidious (like Meyerbeer, and unlike too many other composers) in his choice of a *libretto*, had, after much difficulty in obtaining what he desired, addressed himself with full satisfaction. The poem is from the pen of Geibel, a popular German poet. The story is one of the hundred romances of the Rhine, of which river *Loreley* is one of the spirits. We are introduced in the *finale* in question to what was probably intended for the end of the first act. *Leonora*, a young bride, has been deceived and abandoned, while her love was in its very bloom of freshness, and she burns for a terrible vengeance. She seeks the river and calls upon its spirits to help her. They respond to her cry, and promise her all she requires. She asks for fatal beauty, and powers of fascination that shall enchant the senses of all upon whom she may choose to make trial. The magic gifts are promised, and the price—for she avows herself willing to make any sacrifice in return—is, that she shall be wedded to the Rhine, and give her affection to its spirits. She instantly consents—sears her veil, in type of the rending of her love from all she loved before—and flings her bridal ring into the stream. The *finale* terminates with a reiterated pledge by the water spirits that *Leonora* shall have vengeance."

"The commencement of the fragment is where the groups of spirits assemble. It opens in E minor, and as fresh flights of fays arrive from the water and from the air, the music seems to represent the bubbles rising to the surface of the stream as the spirits ascend from its depths, and then again the whirling and waving of wings. Next there is a movement in A minor, in which their eager and mischievous tendencies are set forth; and then you are hurried along in a perfect storm, as the spirits describe their rush over land and deep. . . ."

"The revelling spirits are interrupted by the entrance of *Leonora*, who bewails her fate, in an *andante* in F sharp minor. She vehemently demands 'where tarries the justice of Heaven,' and the spirit chorus twice echoes her indignant words. This passage is full of lyrical passion and power. She makes her demand, and the least educated ear can hear the spirits gathering up around her. They bid her tell her desire. Her *solo* in answer is a fiery, hasty piece of indignant and womanly utterance, exceedingly effective. The music in which the dread stipulation is made is very strange and ghastly, and the low, slow, and fiendish tone of the spirits thrills through the auditor. There is a fine solemnity about the passage, 'To the Rhine thou shalt be wedded,' and *Leonora*'s long drawn notes on 'Agreed! Thus!' as she rends her veil, introduce a beautiful and most affecting written passage, in which she resigns all her earthly love. The conclusion of the scene is heightened with a burst of wild revengeful exultation."

"The whole scene is full of beauty, and its markedly dramatic character is another evidence of Mendelssohn's perfect knowledge of the requirements of the lyrical drama. It occupied but a very brief portion of the evening; but the impression it created will not easily be obliterated."

"Its execution, (the *Times* says) presented much that was commendable, but left quite as much to be desired. Mme. Novello has not enough of passion and dramatic fire for the principal part, with which, nevertheless, she took infinite pains."

"A few words must dismiss the second part of the concert. The overture to *Der Freischütz* was encored in a tumult of applause, and not less genuine was the unanimous call for a repetition of the *bravura* air of the Queen of Night (*Zauberflöte*), which Mlle. Anna Zerr sang with wonderful power and unerring certainty in the extreme high notes. Mr. Lockey gave the true expression to the devotional song of Beethoven; and Miss Dol-

by was equally at home in the quaint old air of Rossi, which she has been mainly instrumental in making popular. The trio from *Guillaume Tell* was confined to the *adagio*, in which the resonant voice of Tamberlik told with superb effect. Mr. Frank Mori's very clever and dramatic *scena*, admirably sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, was received with great favor. *Fridolin* will be remembered as the *cantata*, with choros, founded on Schiller's well-known poem, which produced so great an effect last year at the Worcester Festival. The music of Gluck gave Mme. Viardot an opportunity of exhibiting her fine powers of declamation to the highest advantage; the duet from the *Ingenue*, by Mme. Castellan and Formes, long and essentially theatrical as it is, was listened to with pleasure; Tamberlik sang the 'Re del Ciel' superbly; and Mlle. Bertrandi again attracted favorable notice by her careful execution of the *aria* of Elvira, one of the most difficult of the vocal compositions of Mozart. In the *finale* to the second act of Rossini's masterpiece, the solo parts were sung with great effect by Tamberlik, Polonini, and Formes.

Advertisements.

New Series—Change of Day and Hour.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS.
AT THE MELODEON,
By the Germania Serenade Band,
Every Wednesday, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

26 tf Tickets can be obtained at the usual places.
G. SCHNAPP, Leader, 364 Tremont St.

Boston Musical Fund Society.

THE GOVERNMENT respectfully announce to the Musical Public of Boston and vicinity, that the SIXTH SERIES OF PUBLIC PERFORMANCES will commence at the MELODEON, on FRIDAY, Sept. 17th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Packages of rehearsal Tickets of four each, at 50 cents per package, and Single Tickets at 25 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the door on the afternoon of performance; also Subscription Tickets, at \$2 per package of six each for the Concerts, which will commence at the New Music Hall as soon as completed.
Associate Members are respectfully notified that their Tickets are ready for delivery at No. 4 Amory Hall, as also all the Tickets above named. Per order,
24 tf JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y.

The Germania Musical Society

RESPECTFULLY announce to their numerous friends, and the public in general, that it is their intention to remain the coming winter in the city of Boston for the purpose of giving, during this period, a series of TEN CONCERTS, (one Concert every two weeks,) like those given by them during the last winter, in this city, at which they will produce the masterworks of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, SPOHR, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, &c., such as Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, Quintets, and selections from the Italian and German Operas, Solos on almost every instrument used in their Orchestra, and a judicious portion of lighter music.
They are constantly adding to their already large Catalogue of choice Instrumental Music, the latest publications, by which they are now enabled to furnish entire new programmes for every Concert, and mostly of such pieces as have never before been performed in this city.

The best vocal talent available will be engaged for the Concerts. MR. ALFRED JAEGLI, the celebrated and unrivalled Pianist, will perform at all of our Concerts for the whole season. The Concerts will be given at the splendid NEW MUSIC HALL, entrance on Winter street and Bumstead place.
A package containing Thirty Tickets, to be transferable, and be used at any of the Ten Subscription Concerts, \$10. Half Packages, Fifteen Tickets, \$5.

Subscription Lists to be found at the Hotels and Music Stores. 23 tf

H. S. CUTLER,
Organist at the Church of the Advent.
ADDRESS—No. 88 Tremont St., Boston. 22 tf

Singing and Piano Forte.

MISS FANNY FRAZER

WILL be happy to receive her pupils on and after Monday, 20th inst., at her residence,
25 St 24 Bulfinch Street, corner of Allston.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

WITH A BIOGRAPHY AND PORTRAIT OF THOMAS MOORE. Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Sir JOHN STREPHSON.

Prices: Plain binding, \$2. In cloth, emblematically embellished, \$3.

Published by OLIVER DITSON,
25 tf 115 Washington Street, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

SCHUMANN'S ALBUM is publishing in Four Numbers, by GEO. F. REED & CO. The first No. is now ready, price 75 cents. 23 tf

HARMONY & THOROUGH BASS.

CZERNY'S Treatise on Thorough Bass, . . . Price, 50 cts.

BURROW'S Thorough Bass Primer, . . . 28 "

COFFEY'S Principles of Harmony and Thorough Bass, 50 "

WOODBURY'S Elements of Musical Composition, 50 "

SCHNEIDER'S Theory of Harmony, . . . 25 "

Published by OLIVER DITSON,
25 tf 115 Washington Street, Boston.

Pianos and Melodeons to Let.

OLIVER DITSON,

Music Dealer, 115 Washington St., Boston,
HAS a good variety of Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Seraphines, and Reed Organs, to let, for city or country, on low terms. If, within one year from the time of hiring, the party should conclude to purchase the instrument, no charge will be made for rent of it, except the interest on its value. 25 tf

N. D. COTTON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

English, French, and American Stationery,
DRAWING & PAINTING MATERIALS,
No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

* * Wedding and Visiting Cards Engraved and Printed. 16 tf

NATHAN RICHARDSON,

PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
ROOMS, No. 1 Bulfinch, corner of Court Street. Hours, from 12 to 2. Letters may be addressed to his rooms, or at the Revere House. 25 tf

NEW SINGING BOOK.

THE SINGING SCHOOL COMPANION, in Two Parts. Part I. contains a New and Easy Method of Instruction in Vocal Music, and more than One Hundred Songs, Duets, Glee, &c. Part II. consists of selections of Sacred Music from the best composers. By JOSEPH and HORACE BIRD.

An excellent Manual for Schools and Chorus, and a pleasant and useful book for amateurs and for family practice. For sale by the booksellers generally.

RICE & KENDALL, Publishers,
24 St 16 Water St., Boston.

J. CHICKERING,

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
334 Washington Street, Boston. tf
Apr. 10.

D. B. NEWHALL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,
No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.
PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET. tf
Apr. 10.

H. PERABEAU,

PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE,
No. 1 Jefferson Place, S. Bennet St. 24 St
Boston, Sept. 18.

E. H. WADE.

197 Washington Street, Boston.
PUBLISHER & DEALER IN SHEET MUSIC
and Musical Merchandise of every description. Publisher of BEITING'S METHOD FOR THE PIANO.
New and Second Hand Pianos, bought, sold and exchanged. Cash paid for Pianos. PIANOS TO LET.

E. H. Wade's Catalogue at present comprises all of the Music published by W. H. OAKES, C. BRADLEE & Co. and A. & T. P. ORDWAY, making it the largest and most valuable one in the country; which, with a large exchange list, enables him to offer every inducement to the trade, to Seminars, to Professors and the musical public, for their patronage. tf
Apr. 10.

JOSEPH L. BATES,

No. 129 Washington Street, Boston.
IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN EUROPEAN FANCY
Goods, Novelties, Perfumery, Stationery, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Umbrellas and Parasols.

Articles for Presents—for the use of Travelers—of Utility and Ornament, constantly for sale at the lowest prices.
129 WASHINGTON ST., four doors north of School St. tf
Apr. 10.

HEW'S PATENT

AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEW, 365 Washington St., Boston. tf
Apr. 10.

NEW JUVENILE SINGING BOOK.

THE PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, containing a Complete Elementary Course, (in which a large number of Popular Airs and Tunes, arranged to be sung by note, are employed as progressive exercises,) a large collection of SCHOOL SONGS, together with a full variety of HYMNS and SACRED TUNES, for the devotional exercises of Schools. By GEO. W. PRATT, Teacher in the State Normal Schools, and J. C. JOHNSON, Author of Juvenile Oratorios, &c. This work is on an entirely new plan, and is believed to be a great improvement upon any Juvenile work heretofore published. A copy for examination will be sent by mail, postage paid, upon the receipt of twenty-five cents.
Published by A. N. JOHNSON,
36 School St., Boston.

* * A. N. JOHNSON respectfully informs his friends that he has taken the new store No. 36 School Street, (a short distance from his former location in the Tremont Temple,) where he will keep a full assortment of Music, Singing Books, Piano Fortes, Reed Organs, Melodeons, &c. &c. Orders by mail promptly executed. 1 tf

"The Last Singing Book."

THE MELODIA SACRA.

By B. F. BAKER AND A. N. JOHNSON.

THIS work will be ready about the first of August, and it is believed will meet the real wants of Music Teachers, Music Societies, and Chorus, better than any work ever published. Besides an unsurpassed collection of

METER TUNES AND SET PIECES,

it will contain the

"ORATORIO OF DAVID,"

simplified for the use of Musical Societies and Conventions, with an ORGAN or PIANO FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT. Also,

FIFTY-FOUR ORGAN INTERLUDES,
by GEORGE F. BRISTOW, Organist and Musical Director at St. John's Church, New York, and a

Protestant Episcopal Church Service,

by H. S. CUTLER, Organist at the Church of the Advent, Boston.

No pains have been spared to make this Collection of Sacred Music SUPERIOR to any thing of the kind ever published in this country. To secure a copy of the first edition, orders should be sent, as early as possible, to

A. N. JOHNSON, 36 School Street, Boston, or
W. B. BILLINGS, 8 Park Place, New York.

Price, \$7 per dozen. 20 tf

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,

2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. DE RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. ALSO MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c. Boston, July 31. 3m

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

GEO. P. REED & CO. have just issued a new edition of the "BOSTON ACADEMY COLLECTION OF CHORUSES," price reduced from \$24 to \$14 a dozen.

VERGHESE's celebrated STABAT MATER for two female voices, newly translated by J. S. DWIGHT, Esq., a welcome note to lovers of good music.

The *Nightingale's Nest*, a Cantata, by the eminent German composer, REICHARDT, translated by MR. TRAYER of Cambridge. A beautiful piece, suitable for concerts, taking about forty minutes to perform it; consisting of Solos for bass, tenor, and soprano voices, with Choruses. Price, \$6 the dozen.

Also BEYER'S New Instructions for the Piano: Materials for Piano Forte Playing, by JULIUS KNOBE, a work highly approved by the best teachers. Price, \$2.

G. P. R. & CO. have also received a further supply of the valuable publications of J. ALFRED NOVELLO of London, for whom they act as agents—consisting of the ORATORIOS of HANDEL, HAYDN, and MENDELSSOHN, and the complete MASSES of MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, S. WEBER, VON WEBER, and others, with the finest collection of BACH'S FUGUES, and music generally for the organ, that has ever been seen in Boston. Apr. 10. tf

NEW ORGAN VOLUNTARIES.

JUST PUBLISHED,

American Church Organ Voluntaries.

CAREFULLY ARRANGED expressly for the use of Organists who have not had sufficient experience to extemporize with ease, by H. S. CUTLER, Organist at the Church of the Advent, and A. N. JOHNSON, Organist at Park Street Church, Boston. These Voluntaries are mostly arranged in close harmony, and can readily be played at sight by those who can play common church music. They are specially adapted to American church service with regard to length, &c. and are sufficient in number to enable any Organist to use them exclusively if desired. Price \$1. Forwarded by mail, postage free, for \$1.25.

Published by A. N. JOHNSON,
14 tf 36 School St., opposite City Hall.

To-Day,

A BOSTON LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY CHARLES HALE.

Published Weekly on Saturdays.

EACH number contains sixteen pages of reading matter, together with four or eight pages of select advertisements. Terms.—Two dollars per annum, in advance. Single numbers five cents each. Subscribers in Boston, Cambridge and Charlestown can have their numbers left at their residences, if desired. Back numbers from the beginning can be furnished, and copies of the first volume (26 numbers) bound in cloth or paper.

The postage on "To-Day," for distances not exceeding fifty miles, is five cents a quarter; and so for all other distances, it is at the lowest newspaper rate, but must be paid to the Postmaster quarterly in advance.

Advertisements, books, communications, &c. may be left with the publishers. Subscriptions will be received by, and orders should be addressed to, the publishers, REDDING & CO., 8 State-street, Boston.

DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann-street, General Agents in New York. Aug. 14.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

For half a square, (8 lines,) or less, first insertion, . . . \$0.50
each additional inser. 25
For a square, (16 lines,) first insertion, 1.00
each additional insertion, 50
On advertisements standing three months or longer, a discount of twenty per cent. on the above rates is allowed.
(A column counts as seven squares.)
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

